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SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the worst type.  
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**S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.**

I HAD SCROFULA in 1881, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since.  
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**S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.**

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.



**Consumption Cured.**

THE JUDGE OF HANOVER COUNTY SPEAKS.

Tim. Howard suffered for three years with lung and throat troubles, and last spring was thought by his neighbors to be dying. I heard of his condition and gave him A. B. C. Tonic. Its effect was magical. In a very short time he was able to leave his bed, and now regards himself a well man. Others in this vicinity have taken the "Tonic" with pronounced benefit.

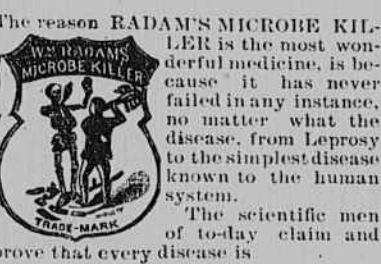
Very respectfully,  
S. C. REDD,  
Beaver Dam Depot, Hanover Co., Va.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases by mail free. Address  
**A. B. C. CHEMICAL CO.,**  
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**NOTHING SUCCEEDS**

LIKE SUCCESS.



Caused by Microbes,

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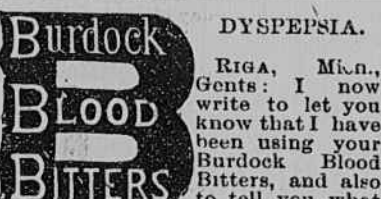
**Radman's Microbe Killer**

Exterminates the microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of malaria fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and in fact, every disease known to the human system.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations. See that our Trade Mark (same as above) appears on each jug.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON.  
Druggists, Sole agents, Dr. Jefferson and First ave. s. w. jun17-ly



hey have done for me. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years. I commenced the use of your Burdock Blood Bitters and they have brought me out all right. The use of three bottles conferred the great benefit, for which I feel profoundly grateful. I will never be without it.  
WM. H. DELKER.

**J. R. HOCKADAY.**

THE PIONEER

**REAL ESTATE AGENT**

OF

Roanoke City, Va.

OFFICE: 105 First St., s. w., First Nat. Bank Building. my11-16

## AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume.  
The purple-bellied asters still linger in bloom;  
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,  
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,  
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?  
For naught November is sweeter than May,  
For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest?  
Will the acacia swing back from the east or the west?  
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;  
A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.  
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!  
When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflows,  
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;  
I tread the brown pathway that leads through the pines;  
I hasten by the bowlder that lies in the field,  
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?  
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle and hood?  
The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong;  
My heart will be asking: What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!  
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?  
She would come to the lover who calls her his own  
Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

—I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed.  
I looked: lo! my Love stood before me at last.  
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,  
As we met face to face, at the turn of the road!  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Over the Tea-cups," Atlantic Monthly.

## A QUEER DUEL.

A Black and Brown Spider Fight to the Death.

A big window in the southeast corner of the old warehouse at the head of Lake Keuka, in Hammondsport, is covered as with a curtain by spider webs. The warehouse was built sixty years ago, when Hammondsport was the great grain shipping point for Western New York, says a correspondent in the N. Y. Sun. The grain business ceased to be the mainstay of this region long since, and this old building was put to other uses. For many years the southeast corner has been but little disturbed, and generation after generation of spiders have spun their webs and hatched and bred their young on the dust-covered window. Spiders of many kinds, with as many different architectural plans for their gossamer dwelling-places make their homes on the casing and sashes and panes of the old window. There are spiders with big oval bodies and legs an inch long. There are spiders scarcely bigger than a mustard seed, busy as bees darting up and down and here and there on invisible supports, like moats floating in a sunbeam. There are spiders with bodies as round as a cherry and almost as big. Brown spiders, black spiders, gray spiders festoon with their webs this unused corner of the old warehouse on the lake, and wax fat on the flies and bugs that seek the dangerous seclusion of that dusty and musty nook.

The panes of this window are the small squares of the old days. One of the big oval-bodied, grayish-brown spiders had his web spread over the entire surface of one pane of glass and over all but one small corner of another. In that corner a plump, black spider, not more than one-quarter the size of the brown spider, had his modest but effective trap. The other day the big spider evidently concluded that he needed more room for his web, and he coolly began preparation to extend it over the corner occupied by the unostentatious black spider. He ran out a cable that passed across one edge of the black spider's web and fastened it to the edge of the sash between that pane and the next one. This cable was quickly followed by another, and a third one was strung before the little black spider seemed to wake up to what was going on. Then he came out of his corner and gave the big spider's audacious work a quick inspection. That having evidently satisfied him of the intention of the big trespasser, he nipped the three cables apart, one after another, and left them dangling uselessly in the air.

The big spider ran out while the little black one was undoing his work, and for a moment seemed paralyzed with amazement. The little spider, having destroyed the cables, retired to the seclusion of his corner and resumed his watch for flies. The big fellow recovered from his surprise and immediately threw another cable across the little one's web. Out came the little fellow with a rush and snapped that cable asunder. Four times after that the big spider strung a cable, and each time the little spider cut it down. Then the big one started with another line. The little one, evidently furious at the persistence of the other in trespassing upon his premises, threw himself on the big spider. There was a lively struggle between the two spiders for a second or two, and then the big one broke away and retreated to his den in the extreme upper corner of his web, where he remained quiet, but evidently uneasy. The little black fellow tore about in his corner as if in a towering rage, and while his fury was at its height another spider, with a long, ugly-looking head and a small body, came gliding down on a single thread from a pane above the little black one's corner. This spider joined the raging black one, and by and by the latter cooled down. The two spiders remained together in apparent confidential intercourse for a few seconds, and then the spider with the big head darted out upon the brown spider's web and followed it to the big fellow's den. There he lingered for a moment, evidently discussing the matter with the

big brown spider, and then he darted off again in another direction and brought up in a web on the pane above the big spider's, where another spider hung listlessly, wrapped up in his long, hairy legs. When the big-headed spider entered the hairy spider's web the latter unwrapped himself and greeted his visitor cordially. A short confab took place between the two, and then the hairy spider dropped quickly down to the big brown spider's den and the spider with the big head returned hurriedly to the little black spider's corner.

The sequel proved that the big-headed spider had, beyond all question of doubt, arranged a duel between the little black spider and the big brown one, he being the second of the former, the hairy spider having consented to be the big brown fellow's next friend in the affair. A few seconds after the big-headed spider had returned to the black spider's corner the two glided out, reached the big brown spider's web, advanced almost to the center of it, and stopped. The brown spider and his hairy attendant soon afterward emerged from the former's den and advanced toward the center of the web, stopping within an inch or so of the black spider and his second. Other members of the spider colony must have had intuitive knowledge of what was going on, for spiders of all sizes and shapes came speeding to the scene to get a view of what was evidently to be a fierce encounter. When the two principal spiders had taken their positions their respective attendants retired some distance from them. Then the little black spider and his big brown foe rushed together.

They struggled a moment, separated, rushed together again, and tumbled and tossed one another about until the web on which they fought swayed and bent and broke here and there into ragged holes. All the while the hairy spider and the spider with the big head hovered frantically each about his principal as if coaching the fighters as to the best advantage. The spectator spiders showed no little excitement themselves, and ran to and fro along the edge of the sash around the pane as the fight progressed. When the battle was at its height one round-bodied black spider of the same species with the little black one in the fight, probably fearing for the safety of his prototype, made a rush into the field to take a hand in the fight. Before he reached the contestants, however, he was collared by both the hairy spider and the big-headed spider, and hustled back into the crowd so quick that he seemed dazed, and remained perched on the edge of the sash until the fight was over without as much as moving a leg.

While this exciting side incident was engaging the attention of the seconds, the principals separated, each retreating a couple of inches. The attendant spiders rushed each to his principal's side and for several seconds things remained quiet. Then the pugnacious little black spider moved slowly forward, and the big fellow advanced to meet him. When they were nearly together the little spider shot forward like a flash, pounced upon the big one, and almost as quickly darted back again. That was a fatal blow to the big spider. In that sudden dash the little spider had chopped off one of the big one's long forelegs close to his body as neatly as he had cut the cables of his foe's intruding web. The loss of his leg greatly disabled the big spider, and the little fellow was able to fight all around him, to the visible distress of the brown spider's hairy second. The black spider darted at his big antagonist with the rapidity of lightning, and it was not long before he had severed the other foreleg of the big spider as completely as he had the first one. The brown was now almost totally helpless. By a quick flank movement the little black mounted the other's huge body, and closed his jaws firmly in the back of his neck. The big spider floundered and struggled, but all to no purpose. His life blood was fast being drained by his agile foe, and in a minute after the black spider had got his clutch on the brown one's neck the big fellow hung shriveled and lifeless in the wreck of the web he had tried to enlarge at the expense of his bold and nervy little neighbor.

But the little black spider was not satisfied with the death of the encroaching spider and the ruin to his web. When he found his foe was dead he made a circuit of the outer edge of the web, cutting every stay cable and guy web from its fastenings, until the limp body of its late occupant and the dismantled web fell together on the window ledge, among a mass of dead and shriveled flies and beetles' wings and heaps of dusty cast-off webs. Then the victorious little black, escorted by both the big-headed and the hairy spiders, returned to his nest in the corner. The spider spectators scampered back to their respective homes, and in a few seconds the great spider colony had resumed all its wonted quiet.

## Result of a Conversation.

The Boston Evening Gazette tells a pleasant story about the son of a very prominent man. When he was a student at Harvard he took a trip West on one of his vacations. He was greatly interested in railroad affairs, and happened to fall into conversation with an elderly man who also seemed to know a little about this subject. On the way to Chicago they talked about railroads a good deal, and the young man acquitted himself very creditably. His new friend had introduced himself simply as Mr. Smith, let us say. Mr. Smith and the young college man exchanged personal cards before the trip was ended. Shortly before he was graduated the young man received a flattering offer from a big railroad company, through its president, the same Mr. Smith, call him again. That was several years ago. That young man to-day is a rising railroad man, who has already climbed many rounds of the railroad ladder.

## A Couple of Time Wasps.

A New Haven man has a couple of time wasps. They have built a nest in his parlor, and live undisturbed and undisturbed. This is the third season the insects have occupied the same quarters.

## CLOTHES FOR BABY.

With a Shop Garment for a Model, Mothers Can Easily Make Them.

To tell a young mother how to make a baby's outfit is as ponderous a task as teaching stenography in six lessons. In the first place, a woman must have some knowledge of sewing and in the next it is essential that she know something about the fitness of things. Babies, as a rule, are shapeless little creatures and defy measurement. It is sufficient that the garments do not bind at any place, and so long as they can be kept from gathering up and smothering the little one they pass judgment. It goes without saying that they must be touched with beauty and made of the finest loom.

As one object-lesson is better to a class than a term of theoretic instruction the maternal novice will find it advantageous to go to a dry-goods shop to buy a set of baby clothes for models. The copy need not cost \$2 all told, and in the purchase the amateur has all the suggestions needed to fashion a really beautiful outfit. Being designed in cheap material the garments can be ripped apart and be used in place of patterns. The attempt at decoration will serve for improvements in trimming and the careless sewing be a silent reproach to the student. The number of slips, linen bands, Barrie coats, petticoats and long dresses, the supply of plaids, blankets, shawls, sacques, socks and shirts will depend entirely on the fancy of the mother. But like the whim of the modern bride who lays in a lot of underwear to get yellow in a trunk, there is a good deal of nonsense in stocking a linen basket, a hamper or a bassinet, for the reason that the dot of humanity is a flower of rapid growth, and given half a chance will be ready for short clothes before the real value of his trailing robes has been exhausted.

To be sure the embroidered flannels and company dresses will cut down but for the sentimental aversion a mother has of desecrating the garments of her first born by the application of steel or economy.

Given the model and one tour of inspection through an infant's supply department of a dry-goods shop, any needlewoman can collect a trousseau at less than a third of the shop cost. When short clothes are donned it will be found profitable to buy pongee or India silk instead of the delicate bombazines, mulis, batiste and French cambrics, so costly to trim and so troublesome to laundry. The shop-keeper will make a silk dress to order for \$1, and allowing the same amount for silk and lace to finish the neck and sleeves, a garment superior to one that retails for \$11 will be the outcome. As before stated, a shop model may be had for sixty cents or less to guide the amateur. It does not pay to attempt to make boys' clothes. For \$4 complete suits are offered and a boy of fourteen may be rigged out from head to foot for \$11. There is a temptation on the part of visionary mothers to cut down father's trousers, but unless she has served an apprenticeship to a tailor it is cruelty to the child. A casual glance at the home-made pantaloons in a male school would be humorous but for the misery endured by their respective occupants. In the majority of cases both sides are cut on the same principle.—N. Y. World.

## CLEANING KID GLOVES.

A Simple Fluid That Will Do Its Work Well Every Time.

Light kid gloves soft so easily that they would be a very expensive item in the wardrobe if one were unable to clean them. In all large towns they can be sent to a shop, where they will be cleaned for ten cents a pair. It is, however, a great convenience to be able to do such work at home, if in a hurry, or living out of town.

When plain naphtha or benzine is used the odor clings to the gloves a long time. Here is a fluid that will easily clean the gloves, and when they are exposed to the air for a short time the odor passes away. Put into a three pint bottle one quart of benzine, one ounce of ether, one ounce of chloroform and a half an ounce of white wintergreen. Shake, and cork tightly.

To clean the gloves, put them on the hands, and wetting a piece of clean white cloth or a small sponge with the fluid, sponge the gloves quickly, rubbing quite hard in the parts most soiled. Take another clean piece of cloth and rub the gloves until they are perfectly dry. Now slowly and carefully work the gloves off the hands, and hang them in the fresh air for half an hour. All odor will have disappeared by that time.

This fluid gives the gloves a lighter color, but leaves them soft and free from streaks, if the cleaning and drying have been properly done, and it also removes the odor sometimes caused by perspiration. It must be remembered that with this fluid, as with the pure benzine or naphtha, care must be taken not to be near an open fire, a lighted lamp or gas, as the gas which it gives out is very inflammable.

Another method of cleaning kid gloves is to use naphtha, pouring it into a deep saucer. Put the gloves on the hands, and dip one hand at a time in the saucer, wetting the glove thoroughly, then rub it quickly with a soft, dry cloth. The rubbing must be done very quickly, or the glove will look streaked.

Should there be any spots that were not removed with the first dipping and rubbing, wet a corner of the cloth, and rub the soiled part till it becomes clean.

In using such volatile articles as naphtha, benzine, chloroform and ether the rubbing should be done very rapidly, that the stain may be removed before the liquid dries.—Maria Parloa, in Housewife.

"I picked up a bit of information the other day," said a hotel clerk, "that I hadn't thought of before. A couple of men were talking in the office, when one asked on what day of the week Christmas will be this year. 'Let's see,' replied the other, 'I was married on the first day of May; that was Wednesday.' Christmas will come on Wednesday. That struck me forcibly, and when I got a little leisure I gathered up a lot of old calendars and investigated it. I found that it is true that the first day of May and Christmas of the same year occur on the same day of the week."

# IVANHOE,

## WYTHE COUNTY, VA.

Distinctly the Richest Mining Town in Southwest Virginia.

The largest mines, the richest lands, the finest timber surrounds Ivanhoe. The No. 1 furnace of the New River Mineral Company now in successful operation.

## Large Foundry, Machine Shops and Stove Works

Under construction. Free sites and liberal inducements to manufacturers. Immense limestone and iron and zinc mines are being worked or developed within the town. Important industries secured, and negotiations pending for others.

A railroad junction in the heart of the greatest iron region in the United States. The only town on this great Southern connection of the Norfolk and Western system.

The world famous limonite and mountain ores of the Cripple Creek Valley and the celebrated Gossan and magnetic ores of Carroll county are within minimum haul of Ivanhoe. In direct communication with the Pocahontas coal and coke fields. Being 2,000 feet above the sea the climate is unsurpassed by the celebrated mountain resorts of the world. Vast tracts of virgin forests close to hand that can be floated down to Ivanhoe.

Magnificent hotel, stores and dwellings under contract. The cheapest and best lots in the South.

The Ivanhoe Land and Improvement Company are now receiving applications for lots. Only those lots that have two or more applicants will be offered at auction.

**GREAT SALE OCTOBER 15, 1890.**

A grand chance for investment. Maps, price lists, plans, plats, etc., sent on application. Railroad fares from points within the State to Ivanhoe will be refunded to those buying lots.

## Ivanhoe Land and Improvement Co.

A. J. DAVIS. J. A. PAGE. AUGUST BENING  
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If you want to make  
**Safe and Profitable Investments,**

Call on or write to  
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Real Estate Agents, 22 Salem Avenue, Roanoke, Va.  
We have a corps of salesmen that will always be ready to show our customers about the city. Parties desiring information in the matter of investments, great or small, will do well to consult us.  
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